

The Historie

Prin. Come hether Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.

Prin. How long hast thou to serue Frances?

Fran. Forsooth fīue yeeres, and as much as to.

Poi. Frances.

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Prin. Fīue yeeare, berlady a long lease for the clinking of pew-ter; but Frances, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the cowarde with thy Indenture, and shewe it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord sir, ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in Eng-land, I could find in my hart.

Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon sir.

Prin. How old art thou Frances?

Fran. Let me see, about Michelmas next I shalbe.

Poin. Frances.

Fran. Anon sir, pray stay a little my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Frances, for the sugar thou gauest me, twas a peniworth, wast not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had bin two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or Frances a Thursday; or indeede Fraunces when thou wilt. But Fraunces.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this leathern Ierkin, cristall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, Caddice garter, smothe tongue, spanish pouch?

Fran. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your brown bastard is your only drinke: for looke you Fraunces, your white canuas doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What sir? *Poin.* Frances.

Prin. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them cal.

Here they both cal him, the Drawer stands amazed not knowing which way to go. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint. What standst thou stil and hearst such a calling? looke

of Henrie the fo

to the guests within. My Lord, old fir-
more are at the doore, shal I let them i-

Pri Let them alone a while, and th-

Poi. Anon, anon sir. *Enter*

Prince. Sirrha, Falstafte and the re-
doore, shall we be merrie?

Po. As merry as Crickets my lad, b-
match haue you made with this iest of
the issue?

Pr.n. I am now of all humors, tha-
humors since the oulde dayes of good
age of this present twelue a clocke at
Frances?

Fran. Anon, anon sir.

Pr. That euer this fellowe should
Parrat, and yet the sonne of a woman
and down staires, his eloquence the p-
not yet of Percyes minde, the Horsp-
mee some sixe or seuen douzen of Sc-
his handes, and saies to his wife, fie
worke. O my sweet Harry saies she
to day? Giue my roane horse a dre-
sweres some foureteene, an houre afte-
call in Falstafte, ile play Percy, and
play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rino* f-
Ribs, cal in Tallow.

Enter Falstafte

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where hast

Falst. A plague of al cowards I say.
ry and Amen: giue me a cup of sacke
long, ile fow neather stocks and men-
A plague of all cowards. Giue me a c-
no vertue extant?

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan k-
harted Titan that melted at the swee-
didst, then behold that compound.